Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes in this ſummer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What ſhall we do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to wo?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduiſ'd,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Diſguis'd like Muſcouites in ſhapeleſſe geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maieſtie command me any ſeruice to her,
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIB